

EXHIBIT K

“Euphoria”

Kendrick Lamar

[Part I]

[Intro]

eurt s'em tuoba yas yeht gnihtyrevE

Euphoria

[Verse]

Them super powers gettin' neutralized, I can only watch in silence
The famous actor we once knew is lookin' paranoid and now is spiralin'
You're movin' just like a degenerate, every antic is feelin' distasteful
I calculate you're not as calculated, I can even predict your angle
Fabricatin' stories on the family front 'cause you heard Mr. Morale
A pathetic master manipulator, I can smell the tales on you now
You're not a rap artist, you a scam artist with the hopes of being accepted
Tommy Hilfiger stood out, but FUBU never had been your collection
I make music that electrify 'em, you make music that pacify 'em
I can double down on that line, but spare you this time, that's random acts of kindness
Know you a master manipulator and habitual liar too
But don't tell no lie about me and I won't tell truths 'bout you

[Part II]

[Intro]

Shoo, shoo, shoo

Shoo, shoo, shoo

Bee, bee, bee, bee, bee, bee

[Verse]

Yeah, I'm out the way, yeah, I'm low, okay
Yeah, the island right here's remote, okay
I ain't thinkin' about no reaper, n****, I'm reapin' what I sow, okay
Got a Benjamin and a Jackson all in my house like I'm Joe, okay
Hellcat, made his homeboys and them type sell they soul, okay
Everybody wanna be demon 'til they get chipped by a throwaway
And I might do a show a day, once a lame, always a lame
Oh, you thought the money, the power or fame would make you go away?
Have you ever played have-you-ever? Okay, n****, let's play
Have you ever walked your enemy down like with a poker face?
Have you ever paid five hundred thou' like to an open case?
Well, I have, and I failed at both, but I came out straight
I hate when a rapper talk about guns, then somebody die, they turn into nuns
Then hop online like "Pray for my city," he fakin' for likes and digital hugs
His daddy a killer, he wanna be junior, they must've forgot the shit that they done

Dementia must run in his family, but let it get shaky
 I'll park his son
 The very first time I shot me a Drac', the homie had told me to aim it this way
 I didn't point down enough, today, I'll show you I learned from those mistakes
 Somebody had told me that you got a ring, on God, I'm ready to double the wage
 I'd rather do that than let a Canadian n**** make Pac turn in his grave
 Cutthroat business, you got shit twisted
 What is it? The braids?
 I hurt your feelings? You don't wanna work with me no more? Okay
 It's three GOATs left, and I seen two of them kissin' and huggin' on stage
 I love 'em to death, and in eight bars, I'll explain that phrase, huh
 It's nothin' nobody can tell me, huh
 I don't wanna talk on no celly, huh
 You know I got language barriers, huh
 It's no accent you can sell me, huh
 Yeah, Cole and Aubrey know I'm a selfish n****, the crown is heavy, huh
 I pray they my real friends, if not, I'm YNW Melly
 I don't like you poppin' shit at Pharrell, for him, I inherit the beef
 Yeah, fuck all that pushin' P, let me see you push a T
 You better off spinnin' again on him, you think about pushin' me
 He's Terrence Thornton, I'm Terence Crawford, yeah, I'm whoopin' feet
 We ain't gotta get personal, this a friendly fade, you should keep it that way
 I know some shit about n***** that make Gunna Wunna look like a saint
 This ain't been about critics, not about gimmicks, not about who the greatest
 It's always been about love and hate, now let me say I'm the biggest hater
 I hate the way that you walk, the way that you talk, I hate the way that you dress
 I hate the way that you sneak diss, if I catch flight, it's gon' be direct
 We hate the bitches you fuck 'cause they confuse themselves with real women
 And notice, I said "we," it's not just me, I'm what the culture feelin'
 How many more fairytale stories 'bout your life 'til we had enough?
 How many more Black features 'til you finally feel that you're Black enough?
 I like Drake with the melodies, I don't like Drake when he act tough
 You gon' make a n**** bring back Puff, let me see if Chubbs really crash
 somethin' Yeah, my first one like my last one, it's a classic, you don't have one
 Let your core audience stomach that, then tell 'em where you get your abs from
 V12, it's a fast one, baow-baow-baow, last one
 Headshot for the year, you better walk around like Daft Punk

[Part III]

[Verse]

Remember?

Ayy, Top Dawg, who the fuck they think they playin' with?
 Extortion my middle name as soon as you jump off of that plane, bitch
 I'm allergic to the lame shit, only you like bein' famous

Yachty can't give you no swag neither, I don't give a fuck 'bout who you hang with
 I hate the way that you walk, the way that you talk, I hate the way that you dress
 Surprised you wanted that feature request, you know that we got some shit to address
 I even hate when you say the word "n****," but that's just me, I guess
 Some shit just cringeworthy, it ain't even gotta be deep, I guess
 Still love when you see success, everything with me is blessed
 Keep makin' me dance, wavin' my hand, and it won't be no threat
 I'm knowin' they call you The Boy, but where is a man? 'Cause I ain't seen him yet
 Matter fact, I ain't even bleed him yet, can I bleed him? (Bet)
 When I see you stand by Sexy Red, I believe you see two bad bitches
 I believe you don't like women, it's real competition, you might pop ass with 'em
 Let's speak on percentage, show me your splits, I'll make sure I double back with ya
 You were signed to a n**** that's signed to a n**** that said he was signed to that n****
 Try cease and desist on the "Like That" record?
 Ho, what? You ain't like that record?
 "Back To Back," I like that record
 I'ma get back to that, for the record
 Why would I call around tryna get dirt on n*****? Y'all think all my life is rap?
 That's ho shit, I got a son to raise, but I can see you don't know nothin' 'bout that
 Wakin' him up, know nothin' 'bout that
 Then tell him to pray, know nothin' 'bout that
 Then givin' him tools to walk through life like day by day, know nothin' 'bout that
 Teachin' him morals, integrity, discipline, listen, man, you don't know nothin' 'bout that
 Speakin' the truth and consider what God's considerin', you don't know nothin' 'bout that Ain't
 twenty-v-one, it's one-v-twenty if I gotta smack n***** that write with you
 Yeah, bring 'em out too, I'll clean 'em out too, tell BEAM that he better stay right with you
 Am I battlin' ghost or AI?
 N**** feelin' like Joe Hale Osteen
 Funny, he was in a film called A.I
 And my sixth sense tellin' me to off him
 I'ma blick n***** all in they coffin
 Yeah, OV-ho n***** is dick riders
 Tell 'em run to America to imitate heritage, they can't imitate this violence
 What I learned is n***** don't like the West Coast, and I'm fine with it, I'll push the line with
 it Pick a n**** off one at a time with it
 We can be on a three-hour time difference
 Don't speak on the family, crodie
 It can get deep in the family, crodie
 Talk about me and my family, crodie?
 Someone gon' bleed in your family, crodie
 I be at New Ho King eatin' fried rice with a dip sauce and a blammy, crodie
 Tell me you're cheesin', fam
 We can do this right now on the camera, crodie
 Ayy, fuck y'all n*****, I don't trust y'all n*****
 I wave one finger and thump y'all n***** like mmm
 Field goal, punt y'all n*****, they punk y'all n*****, nobody never took my food

Whoever that's fuckin' with him, fuck you n*****, and fuck the industry
too If you take it there, I'm takin' it further
Psst, that's something you don't wanna do

[Outro]

Ooh

We don't wanna hear you say "n****" no
more We don't wanna hear you say "n****"
no more Stop

Available at: <https://genius.com/Kendrick-lamar-euphoria-lyrics>